

The
BOLO
B o o k



Edited by G.D.H. & Margaret Cole



C. E. Wood

The Bolo Book

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Preface.

The songs in this book were written on a number of occasions, extending over several years. The Editors are not responsible for all of them; nor are they even able in all cases rightly to apportion the responsibility. Mr. M. B. Reckitt admits his authorship of two of the songs from "The Homeland of Mystery"—an "All-Red Revue" in which he, as well as the Editor, sustained an arduous part. In some of the other songs, responsibility would have to be apportioned almost line by line—an essay in the Higher Criticism which the Editors do not propose to make. The pronunciation of proper names in foreign languages has been throughout treated with that liberty which is the Briton's heritage.

A few of the verses have already appeared in *The Guildsman*, *The Communist* and *The Daily Herald*. Most of them are meant to be sung as well as read. Considerations of price forbid for the moment the publication of the music, but the Editors trust that the tunes which occurred to them are sufficiently well-known to place no difficulty in the way of Glee Clubs or other bodies which may desire to perform them. There is no fee for performance.

G. D. H. C.
M. I. C.

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The Bolo Book.

THE BOLO BALLADS:

Verses of the Great War.

BOLO.

Tune: "THE MERMAID."

Oh, 'twas in the *Times* at morning
And the *Evening News* by noon
That if we routed the Bolshies out
We should have the next war soon.
Then Sir Basil sped like a streak of light
In his motor car so fleet,
Until he came to the Cabinet
At the bottom of Downing Street.

Singing:

*Down with Bolshies,
Sir Basil rules the world,
And Bolo, Bolo, Bolo, Bolo gives us just
the excuse we have long required for a
raid on the I.L.P.*

Then up spoke Winston Churchill,
A War Lord proud was he—
“There are hundreds of others just as bad,
Why stop at the I.L.P.?
There’s the N.G.L., and the L.R.D.,
And the new C.P.G.B.
We can easily pay the expense incurred
From the vote for the C.I.D.

Singing :

*Down with Bolshies,
Sir Basil rules the world,
And Bolo, Bolo, Bolo, Bolo gives us the
only chance for a proper use of police
in the land of the free.”*

Then up spoke Law of Glasgow,
The Leader of the House—
“This is all very well, but you won’t be there
When the Commons begin to grouse.
They’re sure to ask me questions
When Parliament meets next month;
There’s Kenworthy, Devlin, and Jos Wedg-
wood,
And Jack Jones to the n plus 1th.

Singing :

*Basil’s Bolo,
Sir Basil rules the world,*

*And Bonar, Bonar, Bonar, Bonar won't
do—what we want is a jolly old row
and we call for D.L.G.”*

(Slowly.)

Then spake the Welsh Attorney,
The People's Own Lloyd George—
“It's true I was once a pro-Boer myself,
But pro-Bolshies raise my gorge.
In the name of God and the Eisteddfod
We'll raid the lot,” said he.
“Let's cut the cackle and get to work,
God speed Sir Basil T.

Singing :

*Down with Bolshies,
I and Basil rule the world,
And Bolo, Bonar, Bonar, Bolo gives me
just the excuse that I want right now
for a speech in the Limehouse key.”*

DORA.

Tune: "OH, I DOTE ON DORA."

Oh, we dote on DORA.
We have thirsted for a
Way to find for the poor a
National Vigour Restorer.
And we feel much surer
While we've still got Dora,
We can make of all war a
Restorer of the State.

Oh, we doted on MUNA,
'Mid the barrage lunar,
As an unrivalled boon a—
Gainst aerial schooner.
Freed from strikes we soon are
Through this great attuner.
By the mercy of Muna
Immuner was the State.

Oh, we doted on MILSA;
For the world fares ill, sir,
When you can't make men kill, sir,
By the General Will, sir.
But in spite of Milsa,
And of all our skill, sir,
We find the road still, sir,
Uphill, sir, for the State.

How we dote on DORA!
She's the heaviest scorer.
There are some who deplore her;
But the Cabinet's for her.
When we've done with Dora
There will be no quora
For the Communists. *Org*
Pro Nobis—and the State.

A CHANT OF PROGRESS.

Tune: "HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN."

Ruled by the mob, sir, and gone to the dogs,
Prior to the war was the nation.

Slackers must doff their civilian togs:

Khaki's the way to salvation.

Shout till you burst, "Single Men First."

Carry conscription, and then do your worst.

Excellent, so far. The principle's gained;

Next for the logical sequel.

Prudence at first our proposals restrained—

Now we make sacrifice equal.

Take as your text, "Married men next."

He who resists is a shirker unsexed.

Medical Boards are too tender by far.

Men are discharged or rejected

Who would make cannon-food fit for the war,

Shall they be longer protected?

Don't make a shout; whisper about

"Review of Exceptions will save us from
rout."

Men on the railways, and men in the mines,

Men who are making munitions,

Comb them out carefully, fill up the lines

In this war of repeated attritions.

Ram the war home, plying the comb.

And when I know more I'll continue this pome.

MAN-POWER.

Tune: "A MAN'S A MAN."

Is there a man for conscience' sake
Won't do his bit, and a' that?
The dirty hound, we'll have him yet!
We've got a Bill for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
His Christian heart and a' that,
The man, tho' but a Socialist,
Can form a four for a' that.

Ll. G. may grant exemption cards
To fitters, smiths and a' that;
We know a trick worth ten of his,
His "Single Men" and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Their eyes a-squint, and a' that,
Consumption's but a slight defect.
A man's a man for a' that.

Then let us pray that comb we may
—As comb we shall for a' that—
Till none but aged wives are left
On railways, mines and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Our pledges sworn and a' that,
Till, man by man, in Flanders mud
We've done with them, and a' that.

COMMITTEE ON PRODUCTION.

Tune: "THERE WERE THREE CROWS."

There were three Knights sat in Old Palace
Yard,

Munitions of War, G.R.

They racked their brains, and they thought
right hard,

Munitions of War, G.R.

There were three Knights sat in Old Palace
Yard,

With fifty clerks who all were starred,
And they all flapped their Acts, and cried

Munitions of War, G.R.!

There were wicked workmen on the Clyde,
Munitions of War, G.R.,

Who by an award refused to abide,

Munitions of War, G.R.

There were wicked workmen on the Clyde:
But some were deported, and some were tried,
And Lloyd George flapped his Acts, and cried

Munitions of War, G.R.!

Three Labour leaders joined those Knights,
Munitions of War, G.R.,

Determined to set the thing to rights,

Munitions of War, G.R.

Three Labour leaders joined those Knights,
But now they're all turned blatherskites,
And the lot of them flap their Acts, and cry
Munitions of War, G.R.!

HONOURS LIST.

Tune: "THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR."

When you've shouted "Rule Britannia,"
When you've strafed the bloody Huns,
When you've done your bit to comb the
 slackers out,
If you'll kindly sign a handsome
Cheque towards the Party Funds,
You'll be in the Honours List beyond a doubt.
What you pay us for your title, happy war-time
 profiteer,
Is insurance—nothing else—let us remind you.
If your son's to be an Honourable, and later on
 a peer,
You will need to have the Party Funds behind
 you.
Honours!
Bonar's
Putting 'em up for sale.
George is doing a thriving trade.
It's all the same to-day.
Each of them doing his country's work
On a highly productive scale.
Pass the hat for their credit's sake,
And pay, pay, pay.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

Tune: "JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN."

Jerusalem Delivered

By Great Jehovah's Word
(Consenting for the moment
To use a Christian sword),
Lift up—and keep propped open—
The everlasting gates.
Beyond the Baghdad railway
Thy Chosen People waits.

They stand, those hills of Judah,
Completely clothed in Jews,
Selections of the Samuels,
And leagues of Montagues.
Lord Rothschild's ever with them,
And o'er the Exchanging scene
His high financial banner
Sheds all its golden sheen.

There shines the wig of READING,
From viceroyships released,
And summoned by MARCONI
To GODFREY's birthday feast;
And GUGGENHEIMS and MANNHEIMS,
And LEWISES, LEVYS, LOWES,
Laden with new concessions
Throng round the Temple close.

Oh, sweet and blessed country,
Replete with God's elect!
Oh, sweet and well-stocked country,
Whom else may we expect?
God in his mercy take me
To Abraham's bosom, when
The flag of British Israel
Leads home the wandering Ten.

THE HUGHESES OF ADVERSITY.

Tune: "THE VICAR OF BRAY."

In Andrew Fisher's golden days
The policy of Labour
Was to make solid fact the phrase
"My duty towards my neighbour."
This was not in conformity
With schemes of Mr. Hughes's.
So on succeeding Fisher he
Reformed the worst abuses.
Oh, Mr. William Morris Hughes
Despite all referenda,
Expressing clearly national views,
Remained a Never-ENDER.

The Labour Caucus caused a hitch—
Hughes formed a National Party,
On such a basis that the rich
Gave him assistance hearty.
He smashed the workers' general strike,
He thought that this would end 'em,
And so decided he would like
A second referendum.

And still he cries "No Labour man
Shall step into my shoes, sir.
Although they've beaten me again
I'll still be Premier Hughes, sir."

And then we heard that folk were set
On sending Hughes to Britain,
To join our great War Cabinet,
Our first Imperial Witan.
This counsel came, we understand,
From wise men in Australia,
Who sought on this benighted land
To dump their latest failure.
And though we don't want Hughes inept
And have enough of orgies,
On one condition we accept—
That they take our Lloyd Georges.

NORTHCLIFFE SUSPECTS.

A Reminiscence of the Great War.

Tune: "THE DEATH OF NELSON."

When to the U.S.A.

Lord Northcliffe went away,

Each heart was bounding then.

But 'neath his pressgang's yoke

Still groaned the British folk,

Except the Supermen.

Lord Northcliffe marked them o'er the
wave,

Three howls his gutter journals gave,

The Times a statelier solo,

The Times a statelier solo.

Along the wireless signals ran:

"Northcliffe suspects that every man

In Britain is a Bolo,

In Britain is a Bolo."

Lord Northcliffe soon came back

To lead the great attack,

Lest lesser men might fail.

He stiffened up *The Times*,

And gave us, for our crimes,

More ginger in the *Mail*.

Next week's *Despatch* went off its head;

The *Evening News*, which saw blood-
red,

Post and *Express* beats hands down,

Post and *Express* beats hands down.

Across its page the headline ran—

“Northcliffe suspects that every man

In Britain is a Lansdowne,

In Britain is a Lansdowne.”

Whether he go away,

Or here in England stay,

Lord Northcliffe rules us still;

His dauntless Bolo hunt,

His visits to the Front,

Bespeak his iron will.

But morning, afternoon and night,

In all the reams his minions write,

This truth remains unwritten,

This truth remains unwritten.

We shout it here while shout we can—

“Northcliffe suspects that many a man

In Britain’s still a Briton,

In Britain’s still a Briton.”

NORTHCLIFFE THE TERRIBLE.

Tune: RUSSIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Northcliffe the terrible, Peer who ordainest
Asquith Thy scapegoat, Lloyd George Thy
Sword,

Flare forth Thy headlines, spread hate amongst
the Nations,

Lest we have peace in our time, My Lord.

Northcliffe the pitiless, ev'n the War Cabinet
Goeth too slow, and hath slighted Thy word.

Now let Thy *Times* in its thunder awaken,
Lest we have peace in our time, My Lord.

Northcliffe omnipotent, hath not Thy carnage
Made the world safe for Thy tyrants restored?
Or dost Thou fear, when we rise in our anger
Justice shall come in Thy time, My Lord?

Verses of the Greater Peace.

A VISION OF JUDGMENT— UNFORTUNATELY ONLY A VISION

Tune: "THE BONNY EARL O' MORAY."

Ye ——s and ye Olivers

O where hae ye been?

They have slain Sir Basil Thomson

For wearin' o' the green.

He was writing his report

For the Files of M.I. 5,

When the Black-and-Tans they took him

And they roasted him alive.

So lang, lang may the Viceroy

Stay hid in County Down

Ere he hear that Basil Thomson

Has sacked Balbriggan Town.

Now ring the Kremlin joybells,

Now redly flow the Seine,

Let all the Clyde go Communist

Since Basil Thomson's slain.

He could the best provoke

Of *agents* all that were,

And the bonny Basil Thomson

Could make the King forswear.

But lang, lang may his spies lament,
That never more shall see
Rise up Sir Basil Thomson
From the ashes of Tralee.

O wae upon ye, Greenwood,
And wherefore did ye sae?
We sent ye him to copy
And forbad ye him to slay.
He was a copper's nark,
And he dwelled in Whitehall,
And the bonny Basil Thomson
He was Lloyd George's all.
But lang now may the Cabinet
In Downing Street lie barred
Ere they hear Sir Basil Thomson
Ride thundering through the Yard.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE.

(After William Blake.)

Tune : "LAUGHING SONG."

When the Greenwoods laugh with the voice of
joy,

And the Black-and-Tans ride firing by,
When Macready laughs at his merry wit,
And the whole House rocks at the joke of it.

When the streets of Dublin run blood-red,
And most of the honest men are dead;
When Churchill and Carson and Bottomley
With their bloody mouths laugh "Ha, ha, he!"

When Hamar laughs as he wears the green,
And Cork hears him laugh o'er the seas between,
Come, do your bit to make Ireland free
By joining the chorus of "Ha, ha, he!"

ST. PATRICK'S DAY (1921).

"Sir Hamar Greenwood appeared in the House of Commons wearing a spray of Shamrock."
Daily Paper.

Tune: "THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN."

Och, Paddy dear, an' did ye hear the news that's goin' round?

The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground.

It's close upon three hundred years since Cromwell's face was seen,

But they're hanging men and women still for wearin' o' the green.

But I met wi' Napper Tandy an' he took me by the hand

And said, "I've seen a sight the like is not in Christian land:

If ye'll come with me to Dublin now an' take the English boat,

Ye shall see the shamrock growin' green in Hamar Greenwood's coat.

"Sure isn't this a blessed thing that to ourselves is given?

This peace of English gentlemen, a Shortt foretaste of heaven.

They're wiser than we are ourselves; an' what's
the fuss at all?

The shamrock's dead on Stephen's Green: it
thrives in Stephen's Hall.

For George is slow to anger, he has spared us
for a time,

But he sees there's nought in Ireland now but
only Irish crime.

So Tudor's come to save us; and in Greenwood's
buttonhole

There's the soul of Ireland waitin' till she's fit
to have a soul.

“ Let you go back to County Clare an' tell them
not to fret;

There's plenty more good government will come
from England yet.

There's burnin' crops to teach us thrift an'
gallows for our youth,

An' plenty lies to tell us till we learn to bear the
truth;

There's Black-an'-Tans in armoured cars are
blazing left an' right;

An' farmers robbed and left to die on lonely
roads at night;

And inquests held in secret an' the verdict ' Act
of God '—

It's the curious way the English choose to call
a firin' squad.

"But I'll go on to London and I'll tell the
Englishmen,

*'The brood ye breed in Ireland now will come
back home again;*

*Auxiliaries an' R.I.C's cost many a pound to
train,*

*An' they'll need to keep their hand in when the
last Sinn Feiner's slain;*

*There's other towns than Mallow where a rail-
wayman can die,*

*An' there's many a minin' village may be burnin'
by an' by;*

*Though ye own the biggest Empire the world
has ever seen,*

*Ye'll be hangin' Hamar Greenwood yet for
wearin' o' the green.' "*

THE BUILDING OF THE HOUSES.

(A Fantasy, after S.T.C.)

In Bermondsey did Addison
An Artisan's Abode foresee,
While Alf, the sacred Harmsworth, wrote
In reams too numerous to quote
Against the E.P.D.
So ten square yards of useless ground
With architects were strewn around:
And one drew walls and roofs and chimney-
pots,
And one drew gardens bright with flower and
tree,
And one drew stoves and cupboards and what-
nots—
But nought was built, because of E.P.D.

But see! where lies a splendid site unwanted
Near Manchester, beyond the Newton Willows,
A peaceful place, as gentle and enchanted
As ere at Budget-time was faintly haunted
By Cobdens turning on their Stygian pillows.
Lo! on this site, with British muscle sweating
(As though they ran a race at even betting)
See mighty masons whirling each his trowel,
And carpenters with footrule and with dowel;
Huge painters with non-Academic zeal

Swing pails and paint and sing the brush to feel.
And 'mid that scaffolding at once and ever
They fling up workmen's houses like a river.
Five miles of plans awaited sanction high
—Then Hobson rode to London in the train
And thundered at a lifeless Ministry.
But Stephen Easton quailed to see them build;
For Hobson said to him, "It is a Guild."

A vision of a street of houses
Danced before young David's eyes
And he saw the curly smoke-wreaths
From a thousand chimneys rise.
It was a miracle of rare device;
A thousand houses and not one was nice.

"A bricklayer with a labourer
In a vision once I saw.
It was a blackleg at the trade,
And fifty thousand bricks he laid,
Singing of More Production.
Ah! could I have hung the Kaiser
And made the Germans pay,
With Foch for my adviser,
Then by hundreds every day
I would build those houses there,
(Those houses fit for men and mice),
And Garvin's trump should sound me
there,

The *News* should cry 'Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair.
Whip three lines about him thrice
And vote against him free and wee,
And he will take off E.P.D.,
And build us homes in Paradise.' "

NURSERY POLITICS.

THESE BLIND STATES.

Tune: "THREE BLIND MICE."

These blind States,
See how they fight!
They all believe in a world without strife:
They seek to achieve it by war to the knife:
Did ever you hear such a thing in your life
As these blind States?

THE VICIOUS CIRCLE.

Tune: "HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY
BUSH."

Here we go round the vicious circle,
Vicious circle, vicious circle,
Here we go round the vicious circle,
Wages following prices.

First the turn of the profiteer,
The profiteer, the profiteer,
First the turn of the profiteer,
Making his pile in war-time.

Next the turn of the working-class,
The working-class, the working-class,
Next the turn of the working-class,
Getting a rise in wages.

Then it's the profiteer again,
'Fiteer again, 'fiteer again,
Then it's the profiteer again,
Getting the best of Labour.

So we go on ad infinitum,
Infinitum, infinitum,
So we go on ad infinitum,
Wages following prices.

DING! DONG! BELL!

(Or, in the modern version, *Labour's in the Cart.*)

Tune: "PUSSY'S IN THE WELL."

Ding! Dong! Bell!

Coats are doing well!

Who made the thread?

Tom, Dick and Ned.

Who'll get the groats?

J. and P. Coats.

What a clever way was that

To use the Proletariat!

THE ECONOMICS OF WAR.

Tune :

“ DIDDLE, DIDDLE, DUMPLING, MY SON JOHN.”

Diddled, diddled donkeys, my son John
Went to France with the King's khaki on;
Front line the first night and didn't last long—
So they gave me fifteen shillings for my son
John.

THE ECONOMICS OF PEACE (Lancashire).

Tune :

“ GIRLS AND BOYS COME OUT TO PLAY.”

Girls and boys, come out to work,
We must produce more, and *you* mustn't shirk.
Leave your playtime and leave your school,
And join your fathers at loom and mule.

ECONOMIC LAW.

Tune: "SEE SAW! MARJORIE DAW."

1919.

See Saw! The immutable law!

Produce! Produce! says the master.

You shall have but a penny a day,

Until you can work a lot faster.

1921.

See Saw! Still it's the law!

What can I do? says the master.

There's only work for an hour a day,

The public won't buy any faster.

See Saw! What is this law?

Sell your bed and lie upon straw!

Capital does what it likes with its own,

If you can't buy bread you may beg for
a stone.

THE FOOLISH WORKER.

(A Moral Tale.)

Tune: "THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN, AND
WHAT DO YOU THINK?"

There was a poor worker, and what do you
think?

He claimed that the State owed him victuals
and drink;

And when work was scarce and no victuals
about,

He thought that the State would not let him
peg out.

The cause of his death you will quite under-
stand:

The thing that he lacked was *Effective Demand*.

THE DOCILE WORKERS.

Tune : " THERE WAS A LADY LOVED A SWINE."

There was a Premier loved the Poor.

Comrades! said he,

Will you follow me to war?

Right! said we.

If you win this war to-day,

Comrades! said he,

I will make the Germans pay.

Right! said we.

When the Poor came home again,

Comrades! said he;

Work's the gospel now for men.

Right! said we.

Those who don't work shall not eat,

Comrades! said he.

More Production's cheaper meat.

Right! said we.

When the work gave out again,

Comrades! said he;

Share the work and share the pain.

Right! said we.

Capital will fly away,
Comrades! said he;
If we do not halve your pay.
Right! said we.

Have no fear, but trust in Me,
Comrades! said he.
Dawn on Cambrian hills I see—

*(But there was no last line, for all the Docile
Workers were dead.)*

EXTRACTS FROM LENIN'S "MAXIMS FOR YOUNG COMMUNISTS."

(With apologies to Mr. Hilaire Belloc.)

I.

The Trade Union leader he dwells in Whitehall;
He has a big headpiece and no brains at all.
But his salary's high and his actions are slim,
And good little Communists won't play with
him.

II.

The Moscow International is very firm though
mild,
Its claws are only twenty-one, but clear to any
child.
And any Communist who doubts his fellow's
Communism
Will find the International provide him with a
Schism.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Tune : "WHAT ARE LITTLE BOYS MADE OF?"

What are Cabinets made of?

What are Cabinets made of?

Wizards from Wales

And journalists' tales,

And that are Cabinets made of.

What is Parliament made of?

What is Parliament made of?

Peers and quacks

And Party hacks,

And that is Parliament made of.

What are Bureaucrats made of?

What are Bureaucrats made of?

Red tape and a pen

And business men,

And that are Bureaucrats made of.

What are War Lords made of?

What are War Lords made of?

Noise and mud

And rivers of blood,

And that are the War Lords made of.

What are the Peoples made of?

What are the Peoples made of?

Patience that wanes

And wrath that gains,

And that are we some of us made of.

LAMENT FOR MANUFACTURERS.

(To be sung by a Chorus of small employers,
accompanied by Major Douglas on the Differential Calculus.)

Tune: "YE BANKS AND BRAES."

Ye brazen banks o' London toun,
Why hae ye made my bull a bear?
How can ye cut my credit doon,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?

Thou'll break my heart, thou banker man,
That out o' debt sae freely lent.
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When I declared my cent. per cent.

Thou'll break my heart, thou banker man,
That sae controls the ship o' State;
For I hae overmuch produced,
And wist na o' impending fate.

Oft hae I heard, in London toun,
How a' the joint stock banks combine,
And banker scratches banker's back;
But, ah! nae banker will scratch mine.

Wi' lichtsome heart hae I produced,
And charged the cost to E.P.D.
But thou, fause banker, hast the cash,
And will nae credit gie to me.

A SONG OF SHORTAGE.

Tune: "SING A SONG O' SIXPENCE."

Sing a song of shortage
For such as me and you,
Four-and-twenty housewives
Standing in a queue.

All alike must suffer—
Put the blame on Fritz—
Four-and-twenty duchesses
Starving at the Ritz.

THE CAMBRIAN HILLS.

Tune: "THE MILLER OF THE DEE."

There was a British Premier once
Went to an Eisteddfod,
He speechified from morn till night
About the war and God.

And the peroration of his speech
As usual had to be—
The dawn upon the Cambrian hills
And the certain victory.

SONGS FROM "THE HOMELAND OF MYSTERY."

PROSCRIPTION CAROL.

Tune: "WIDDECOMBE FAIR."

Friend Lenin has warned us we first must pro-
scribe

Peace upon earth and goodwill towards men.

All renegades of the Socialist tribe

Such as Henderson, Clynes, Will Thorne,
Philip Snowden, Ethel Snowden, Jimmie
Thomas, and Ramsay MacDonald and all—
James Ramsay MacDonald and all.

Ned Pease, Ned Pease, shall lend us his list;

Peace upon earth and goodwill towards men.

We need to make sure that no Fabian is missed,

Such as Mallon, Emil Davies, Lawson Dodd,
Haden Guest, Susan Lawrence, Bernard
Shaw, and Beatrice and Sidney and all—

Dear Beatrice and Sidney and all.

Then most of the Guildsmen deserve to be dead;

Peace upon earth and goodwill towards men.

So let armies of Communists cut off the head
Of Sam Hobson, Mrs. Ewer, Maurice Reckitt,
Page Arnot, Douglas Cole, Margaret Cole,
Orage, Major Douglas and all—
O God, Major Douglas and all.

NOTE.—Further stanzas can be devised *ad lib.*
according to the particular company in which
the song is being sung.

T-T-T-TROTSKY.

Tune: "K-K-K-KATY."

Trotsky is a Russian Commissar,
Trotsky is a proletarian Tsar;
He has got an official motor car,
Quite a cushy job has Trotsky.
Lenin is a Statesman, so 'tis said,
Zinovieff is indubitably Red;
But ask the Mensheviks whom they
really dread—

Stammering they cry "T-Trotsky."

T-T-T-Trotsky, beautiful Trotsky,
You're the only Commissar that I adore.
When the m-moon shines on the
K-Kremlin,
I'll be waiting at the S-S-Soviet door.

TELL ME WHERE THE BOLSH GO.

Tune : " I KNOW WHERE THE FLIES GO."

There's a mighty problem agitating every clime,
How do Bolsheviks survive in the winter time?
When Red Russia's turned to White by twenty
feet of snow,

Though they may be all dressed up they've got
no place to go.

They can't live on vodka or subsist on samovar,
But I've a private wireless that tells me where
they are.

I know where the Bolsh go in the winter time.
Each year in September up the Caucasus they
climb;

Lay their bombs—then steal away,
Come back on the First of May;
Throw their bombs, then oh, what joy,
They've killed a man and then a boy;
Then they cry, " We've travelled far,
And eaten all the harvests down in Georgia."
Now you know where the Bolshies go
On a cold and frosty morning!

Everything was peaches down in Georgia, we
were told,
Till the peach supply was bought by the Bolshie
gold;

Now they're moving further east and Persia is
their prey.

This year they'll have Persian cats for dinner
every day!

And I hear that to refresh them after all their
toil,

In the Baku oilfields they have struck codliver-
oil.

I know where the Bolsh' go, etc.

DUET: LENIN AND TROTSKY.

Tune: "GILBERT THE FILBERT."

I'm Trotsky, or Bronstein,
As some prefer to say,
The conqueror of Yudenitch,
Chef de Grande Armée.
I've Wrangel
In a tangle
And Koltchak's in the skies,
With Denikin,
And any kin—
—Dred pal of the Allies.

I'm Lenin, sustainin'
The fortunes of the plebs,
Spite filthy Vanderveldes,
MacDonalds—and Webbs.
By workers
All shirkers
To servitude are hurled,
So don't forget
The Soviet,
Ye workers of the world.

RUSSIAN ANNIVERSARY SONG.
LENIN AND TROTSKY.

Tune: "WE'VE BEEN HAPPY JUST ONE YEAR."

We've been happy just one year;
We've got the finest,
We've the conscriptest,
We've got the reddest little Army.
We've been happy just one year,
We've got the fiercest, the choicest little
Trotsky on the job—
Some Jew!

Now we expect a stranger, a stranger's on the
way;
That stranger's good old Lansbury—he's here
to-day!

We've been happy just one year;
We've got the cutest,
The toughest
Little State to wither away—
Some day!

THE BOLSHIE COMMISSAR.

Tune : "THE SPANISH CAVALIER."

A Bolshie Commissar
Sits in the Kremlin Tower,
And on his Corona
Types decrees, Oh!
And to moujiks so dour
Retails by the hour
The blessings of the Soviet régime, Oh!
Say, Moujik, say,
In paper I'll pay
For corn you surrender to me, Oh!
In my propaganda train
From work I'll refrain,
For the glory of the Soviet régime, Oh!

UNDER THE COMMISSAR.

Tune: "UNDER THE DEODAR."

After a brace of Basses,
After the gin that's sloe—
Just a bit "on," still not quite gone—
That's how the Bolshies go.
Darkly they see through glasses,
Filled with the red, red wine.
I still see clear, on Soviet beer—
A favourite drink of mine.

Under the Commissar,
But under very far,
Intelligent—
Intelligent—
Intelligentsia.
Intelligent̄sia—
We are.

MARXISM.

Tune :

BUNTHORNE'S SONG (" IF YOU'RE ANXIOUS FOR
TO SHINE ").

If you're anxious for to shine
In the Communistic line,
As a man of Kultur rare,
You must get up all the germs
Of materialistic terms
And quote them everywhere.
Get your news of the exploiter
From the wireless, not from Reuter,
Keep a Marx beside your bed;
The meaning doesn't matter
If you only idly chatter
In a style that's really red.
And always you must say,
As you walk your bomb-strewn way,
*" When the Proletariat dictates, and the
Proletariat's me,
Why, what a very comfortable kind of
State that kind of State will be."*

Then a sentimental passion
You will find will always catch on
For the Soviet régime;
A devotion to explaining

All the sentiments of Lenin
Will assure you men's esteem.
Though the Vanderveldes jostle,
You will rank as an apostle
In the Communistic band,
If *The Soviet Constitution*
And *The State and Revolution*
Are always in your hand.
And everyone will shout,
As you lead your Bolshies out,
“*If he's content with a Leninite State,
which will certainly wither away,
How can you suspect that kind of man of
being in the Kaiser's pay?*”

WANGLO-PERSIAN OIL LYRIC.

Tune: "HOW MANY A LONELY CARAVAN."

How many a ring of profiteers sets out
On its long journey
Looking for Markets,
Doubt!

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,—
Then comes back home
Laden with L.S.D.,
With gold and gums and oil from oversea,
With gold and cocoa nibs and oil from oversea.

So went the British Army on its quest,
Through torrid ways
And parched wastes
It pressed.

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,—
Empty and sad
It left the Baghdad gate,
The profiteers had all the oil in freight,
Because the British Empire had a new man-
date.

THE SOCIAL SCHEME.

Tune: "I HAVE A SONG TO SING, O!"

(*Beatrice Webb*) We have a social scheme, O!

(*All*) Tell us your scheme, O!

(*B. W.*) It is quite complete,

And perfectly neat,

Yet not in the least extreme, O!

'Tis a scheme which the Fabians all enjoyed,

Tho' it left the Guildsmen much annoyed—

A scheme to abolish the unemployed

And to have the Guardians quite destroyed,

And to send up the stock of the State, O!

*Hey, dee, hey, dee, for Measurement and Pub-
licity.*

We completely abolish the unemployed,

And we send up the stock of the State, O!

(*Sidney Webb*) We have a social scheme, O!

(*All*) Tell us your scheme, O!

(*S. W.*) It is meant by stealth

In the Commonwealth

To fulfil the Fabian dream, O!

'Tis a scheme to regulate everybody

From plain Bill Jones to Lord Tomnoddy,

It has found a niche for Paul Konody,

And D. Lloyd George, and Professor Soddy.

It is guaranteed only to leave a modicum of freedom for anybody,

And to send up the stock of the State, O!

Hey, dee, hey, dee, for Measurement and Publicity.

*We'll thoroughly regiment everybody,
And send up the stock of the State, O!*

WAR AIMS.

The national status of the Czechs
Our Statesmen does not greatly vex :
There is a price they would let go at
The self-direction of the Croat.
The tribulations of the Serb
Their rest at nights do not disturb :
And as for Bosnia-Herzegovina—
I wish they thought about it oftener.

With all the wrongs of the Slovaks
What busy man his brain could tax?
(And much the same is true of Vlachs),
While Foreign Ministers serene
Have never heard of the Slovene.
They do not know the racial fissure
That rends the classes in Galicia.
The problem of United Poland
Is in their minds made up of coal and
The ferrous metals. Ironmongery
Provides their test for Austria-Hungary.

When after three years' war, the power
Of Czardom vanished in an hour,
And through all Russia far and wide

Stolypin's necktie was untied,
Our statesmen viewed with some dejection
So badly timed a resurrection,
Although they little knew 'twould be
Forerunner of a world set free.
None had so many rods in pickle as
The Czar of All the Russias, Nicholas.
"How thoughtless of our war," they said
"To bring such quarrels to a head,
When in the West the Prussian line
Is nearer Paris than the Rhine."
But soon there came a dreadful rumour,
The Soviet does not trust the Duma,
A wilder régime may upset
The waning power of the Cadet.
Then came a Government—Kerensky's
(Who later planted that immense kiss
On Henderson, after his fall,
When speaking in the Central Hall.)
This pleased our rulers even worse,
They ordered wreaths for Russia's hearse;
To say the least, they did not censure
Greatly the Korniloff adventure—
Until it failed—for force may be
Most justly used to set men free,
And where was freedom if not there
Where moujiks breathed the liberal air

Of that old Russia—Stephen Graham's—
Filled with the sound of glad Te Deums,
With vodka and with samovar,
And praises of the Great White Czar.

Worse was to come. The right time bidding
There lived in Petrograd in hiding
To do Kerensky and his train in
Vladimir Oulianov Lenin;
Soon the right time drew surely nigh,
“All power to Soviets” was the cry.
Each Right S.R. and each Menshevik quite
Abandoned Russia for the Ewigkeit.
Under their leader Spiridonova
The Left S.R.s at last had gone over.
The people called for peace and bread.
Kerensky fell; Kerensky fled.
And in the Kremlin, where of late
The last Romanoff held his state,
The tribe of Commissars and clerks
Expounds the Gospel of St. Marx.

Lenin and Trotsky and the rest
Our statesmen could not well digest.
At first they thought the Bolsheviki
Were merely fanatics grown cheeky;
For proletarian dictation,
They thought, could never rule a nation.

But time wore on, and Lenin still
Held Russia subject to his will,
And, by the Germans hardly pressed,
Signed a dictated peace at Brest.
Why, then our statesmen changed their tune.
How long shall Britain be immune
If in one European State
The proletariat dictate?
Who then will break the Soviet power?
Who will restore fair Czardom's flower?
Our statesmen promise all assistance—
How can mere workers show resistance?

Rebellious Cossacks on the Don
As firm allies they look upon;
Tumultuously applaud the Rada
For locking up the Ukrainian larder;
Regret the fall of Prince Lvov yet,
And above all things fear the Soviet;
Hate revolutionary Russia
As they have never hated Prussia,
And send their message maledictory,
"Better defeat than Bolsheviktory."

Forth each White Hope, by Britain paid,
In British uniforms arrayed;
Allied munitions, Allied tanks,
And, when all else fails, Churchill's thanks.

Kaledin, Koltchak and Yudenitch
For each in Fame's great temple a niche.
And still more honoured than these three,
Rise Sir Denikin, K.C.B.

Alas, these fail, and still o'er Russia
Rule tyrants worse than those of Prussia;
And with their propaganda windier
Threaten the British Raj in India.

Or, nearer home, what of that dire land,
Kathleen ni Houlihan, née Ireland;
Land of O'Connell, Mitchell, Davitt,
Parnell, or, as some others have it,
Land traitorous, on which the Kaiser
Relied as Britain's sure divisor,
Land that, inspired by Roger Casement,
To put Great Britain in her place meant,
Land suited only to coercion,
Land on which it is no aspersion
To say that without British pelf
It surely cannot rule itself,
Land anyhow that British patriots,
Not scared by any rabble that riots,
But trusting in their bulldog schooling,
Do not intend to give up ruling.
Our statesmen did not greatly like
The 1913 Dublin strike

When Irish workers led by Larkin
Rose in revolt and left their mark in
The minds of many folk of Leinster
Erstwhile considered far too dense to
Do aught but slave in Mr. Murphy's
By no means equitable service.

What Larkin taught—who fears to speak it?—
Was brought to test in Easter week. It
Seemed to our rulers well that Dublin
Should then be taught to cease from troubling;
They threw full many a martyr's crown in
To give young Ireland blood to drown in.

But Ireland died to rise again
And plague our rulers with Sinn Fein.
No more was heard of Dillon, Gwynn
(Whose nationalism wore too thin)
Instead came Eamonn de Valera
A new Republic's standard-bearer;
The I.R.A. and bold Dail Eireann
And patriots holding counsel wherein
Many a man, like Arthur Griffith,
At less than independence sniffeth.
And with the march of left opinion
Home Rule is vanquished and Dominion
Home Rule becomes a mere back number;
For Ireland's risen from her slumber.

Our statesmen needs must seek some way
This inconvenient ghost to lay—
Ireland a nation. Forth, Macready
From Scotland Yard with footstep speedy;
Forth valiant 'Pherson, Shortt and Hamar,
Forth French, the noted German-tamer,
Forth R.I.C.s with prison vans,
Soldiers with tanks, and Black-and-Tans.
Serve out the goggles, blaze away,
For Irish lives are cheap to-day.
Shoot women down and children too,
For Britain means to see this through.
Surely no Briton such a dreamer is
To blame the sack of Plunkett's creameries,
Or scorn to use his knife and fork
As guest of them who burned down Cork;
For Hamar always can talk big and swear
He knows not who his own Balbriggands
were,
And Britain's arm is long of reach
And George can always—make a speech.
Up, loyalists, be up and doing,
Up, David, up, rebellion's brewing;
For Smith and Carson say 'tis so,
And Smith and Carson ought to know.
The God of battles bids your pulse stir.
Then rally to the men of Ulster;

For Orangemen, but give them rope,
Will find some way to dish the Pope.
And we will give them rope and more,
Into their land munitions pour.
Is there a worker in the Arsenal
But at the word of Edward Carson'll
Increase his output, lest awry go
Our operations against Sligo;
Or British troops in County Clare
Lack bombs to throw at all who dare
To call in question British might,
Or claim for Ireland that same right
They said the British people fought for
In that late war it had not sought for?

Thus British statesmen guard the fame
Of Britain, rearing in her name,
Not a dyarchy but Dyerchy.

The Eastern Question—that of Turkey—
Our rulers find a trifle murky;
The future of Constantinople
The Allied Governments all hope'll
Be settled without further fuss
By opening up the Bosphorus.

For men of truly Turkish race
They hope to leave some dwelling place;
But reasons strike them by the myriad

Why the best interests of Syria'd
Be served if the fair flag of France
Waved o'er her. Culture would advance
If free and liberal Greece in Smyrna
Replaced the Turk with statecraft sterner.
Italian rule suits Anatolia.

And now to come to places holier,
Of which we speak with bated breath,
The scene of our dear Saviour's death,
The fruit of this last great Crusade
Of Christendom, with Heaven's aid
Regained by the believers true—
Had best be given to the Jew.

For Cyprus, Egypt, the Sudan,
Arabia, Baghdad, Ispahan,
Neutral and Russian zones of Persia,
These rouse our statesmen from inertia;
For, by the grace of God, Great Britain
Such ways of Government has hit on
That every subject race on earth
Is eager to proclaim her worth.

Who then so fit to keep the despot
Far from the pleasant land of Mesopot,
To get more wealth, or (*lectio varia*)
To govern a mandated area?
Britain sustains the white man's burden,
And there could be no fitter guerdon

Than that the Allies should agree
To make more subject races free,
Adding to India and Burma
New fertile tracts of *terra firma*.

We have secured complete erasure
Of German influence from Asia.
(The same applies to Australasia.)
In Africa, the veriest tyro
Can see that, from the Cape to Cairo,
In Kamerouns and Togoland,
East and South-West—on every hand
The German flag for ever fallen is,
And with one voice the captured colonies,
With perfect self-determination,
Call for Allied administration,
(And if this settlement suggest
What German statesmen did at Brest,
Dismiss the thought. Our statesmen—well,
Repudiate the parallel).

So much for territorial changes;
But wider far our statesmen's range is.
They would restore the world's good health,
Making the British Commonwealth
And its Allies the firm foundations
On which to base the League of Nations.
They hold the Paris resolutions

The only way to stop intrusions
By subsidized Teutonic traders
Upon the markets which must aid us
In clearing off so huge a war debt
Not even Britain could afford it.

From bankruptcy the one recourse is
That all the Empire's huge resources
Developed to their fullest output
Should beyond every shadow of doubt put
Our world supremacy, and be
The firstfruits of our victory.
The planning of Mittel Europa
We'll prove to Germany a *faux pas*;
From Germans there can come no blame
If two should play at such a game.
Therefore, to prove the British nation
Worthy of all consideration,
With sea-power and with power imperial
We'll collar all the raw material,
And so for ever keep the Hun
Out from the places in the sun.



